THE RETURNED TRAMP

It was all a fraud. The forage cap on one side of his narrow head, the wornout livery coat with epaulets, even the leathern strap suspending from his shoulder his box of knavish wares, affected a military air and countenanced his lies and deceptions.

The face was not repulsive even now. Some distinction appertained to the heavy mustache, and the hollow beneath the high cheek bone, the crow's feet around the eyes, the tanned, weather beaten ruddiness of his complexion, might have betokened honorable service in poisonous swamps or under burning skies instead of shifty, footsore wanderings with alternate hours of want and wickedness.

He dragged himself to the dusty grass beneath the "Five Ashes" at the four crossroads. He was faint, for the hill had tried him, and sat panting with his back against a tree. Then he opened his box and began rolling infallible pills between his filthy finger and thumb. Their composition was a secret, but doubtless they did some people a lot of good.

For twenty years his heart had never softened with a sentiment, his soul never quickened with an inspiration, and now his wandering eye, resting on a finger post across the road, mechanically read: "Upton. Leigh. Sutton-Darcy."

All so familiar once, and the last his birthplace!

A strange impulse, absolutely unreasonable, for recognition might still be dangerous, took possession of him, an irresistible desire to see the place again, even though it were by stealth at night. From the boughs above his head came the "pink, pink," of a chaffinch, and through the filth and fog of a quarter of a century of evil, indistinct in the fumes of drink and smothered in its own futility, gleamed a reminiscence clear and sharp as the bird's note:

An old farmhouse thatched and stone built, with mullioned windows; in the garden a tall pear tree, with yellow buds glistening in the early spring, and beneath a youth with a gun peeping to get a shot; then a man in breeches and hose, elderly, but hale, drawling half humorously, "Why, Jack, my bwoy, thy shots do het off more buds than all the chaffingers."

The old people must be gone now, for Jack was the youngest and the favorite five and thirty years ago.

Muttering against his own folly, he slung on his box and limped along the Sutton road.

At evening he entered the Cups, an inn on the outskirts of Sutton. Everything was as formerly—the same bench and stools, the same oak settle by the hearth. Two laborers playing at shovelboard called each other familiar names, and the singsong of their voices brought back the past.

"What parish may this be, please?" he asked.

"Zutton," replied both Abs and Abe.

"A large village?"

"'Tidden zo terr'ble large."

"Small?"

"'Tidden zo wonderful small."

Satisfied with the subterfuge of these questions, he sat down and continued eagerly:

"Any o' the name of Craddock live here now?"

"Craddock, eh?" grinned Abs. "What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear," said Abe.

He hesitated, but the longing to know overcame his judgment like the craving of a vice.

"And the farm at the foot of the hill—who lives there?"

"Mr. Craddock, be sure—Varmer William."

"When I came this way before, somebody — people called Sandford"—

"Ha, ha!" laughed Abs. "Then you be a woldish bird, not hatched last summer. Why, the old man have a-bin dead these twenty year, an' the maid married Varmer William, an' he took on the farm. But years avore she thought to 'a' married one Jack. But he took to ho'se racen, so 'tes said, an' signed somebody's name an' bolted. Never didden hear no more o' he. But you be a old file. What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear!" said Abe.

John Craddock nervously rose, straightened his back and fell into his familiar patter.

"Yes. I'm an old soldier, wounded in the trenches before Sevastopol and starved at Cawnpur, and when I'd spilt my blood and ruined a fine constitution in the service of my native land they gave me my discharge and threw me upon the world without a penny. But, happily, among the prisoners taken by the British forces in that memorable war was the private physician to the ranee of Jhansi. Seeing me writhing with rheumatism—to which, gentlemen, I was then a martyr—his feeling heart confided to me under an oath of secrecy the inestimable blessing of a never failing remedy. These pills, gentlemen, taken in time are a reliable cure. If you have ever seen crooked legs, stiff arms or a back as bowed as a reaping hook, take a couple of these pills—four and twenty in each box. The price is twopence, and I guarantee if kept dry the contents will never deteriorate. Thank you, gentlemen. I wish you good evening."

His glibness had been successful; but, ill at ease, he shuffled on to the old house with the pear tree. A silver maned colt was reaching over the paddock rail, the image of the roan mare they used to call Rube. All was quiet and prosperous, and in the garden path stood the familiar figure. He slunk into the shadow of the churchyard wall. Yet it was only Dick grown into the substantial staidness of his father's place.

He went to the low thatched house standing all askew with the stalls and the wagon shed where he and Dorothy used to meet. He would sleep that night in one of the wagons. It was scarcely dusk, but the life came back quite clearly. Work was over, and nobody would come, so he went in and climbed up out of sight.

He heard a light step and peered over the tailboard. There stood the Doll Sanford of years ago, with budding womanhood beneath the open neck of her print frock. She had run out in haste. Her lips were parted. He could see her face looking toward the gate into the orchard. Then came a firmer step—just as when they said he was too wild for their Dorothy.

"I mustn't stay tonight, Jack."

"A few minutes, Doll."

"The maid's out. Mother 'll miss me."

"Doll!"

"Jack!"

They kissed close to the wagon wheel and were gone.

He could not help it. Come what would he must go to the house, and presently he crossed the yard, entered the porch and knocked.

"Nothing today, thank you," said a sharp voice through the partly opened door.

He remembered the Craddock rule, never to give money nor refuse bread. "Will you give me a bit to eat?" he begged.

Without a word she disappeared, but came back, bringing also a cup of cider.

"Isn't this Mr. Craddock's?"

"It is."

"I knew one of that name once—Jack Craddock. We were chums. I was by when he was killed. I've got something of his now."

"Killed?" she echoed, trembling.

"Yes. It was in the trenches before Sevastopol"—

She gave a sharp cry and sank into the stone seat in the porch.

A burly figure came from the house. "What's this? What's this?" he blustered and seized the tramp by the collar and shook him.

"Don't, William," pleaded the woman. "It's nothing. He has done nothing."

He shuffled nervously into the highroad and stood there in the twilight beneath the pale summer stars. Had she recognized him? He could tramp no farther that day, and again he slunk across the yard and climbed into the wagon. At dawn he would trudge on—far from the village—out of the district.

At daybreak came the horses, but they did not wake him.

"Here's thik tramp feller. God, he's dead! What dost zay, Abe?"

Abe solemnly said, "Noo fear!"

Ticklish.

An American who was touring Ireland took a jaunting car six miles out of Dublin. His driver, a most genial and witty fellow, informed him entertainingly about all points of any interest on the road. Finally they stopped at a tavern to get a glass of beer. As the driver alighted from his seat there approached him the raggedest person the American had ever seen. The driver, who was a well dressed fellow, seemed overjoyed to meet the man of rags and tatters. He literally threw his arms around him, exclaiming as he did so, "Why, Barney, lad, it's glad I am to see you."

When the American and his driver were on the road again, the American remarked, "That friend of yours was quite an extraordinary person."

"He's the best friend I have in the world," responded the driver.

"Indeed. Rather poor, I should say."

"Oh, it be his clothes that set you a-thinking of that, but you're wrong. He's rich. But I'll tell you about him. He's that ticklish that no tailor in Dublin can put his finger on him."

— The bill authorizing the establishment of a United States court at Spartanburg and Rock Hill has passed the United States senate. Congressman Johnson will accompany it to the white house for the signature of President Roosevelt. The place for holding court will have to be provided for at the next congress.

— Women who set out to reform rakes end by needing reform themselves.

— It makes some men prouder to be the friend of a rich man than it makes other men to be rich.

REVERENCE.

A Quality Sadly Lacking in the Youth of Today.

Reverence is a quality sadly lacking in the youth of today. There is prevailing an exaggerated idea of the "I'm as good as anybody, I spoil" sentiment. So you are "as good as anybody," son, if you make yourself so. But, being as good as anybody, you will not need to thrust that information on any one. Nor will you need to despise others. If you are really worthy of respect, you will not have to make an effort to exact respect. And it is a mistake to imagine that treating others with lack of respect elevates yourself. Respect will be paid to real worth by those whose opinions are worth the while. If your goodness does not meet appreciation by people of worthy character, there is something the matter with your goodness. It would be well to make a personal inquiry and locate the trouble.

The habit of treating sacred subjects with levity is a bad one. It kills reverence in our hearts and thus lowers our standards of goodness. We need to nourish high ideals of right, of goodness, of holiness, or our own characters are degraded. When reverence goes out, greed, selfishness and inhumanity come in. Besides the wrong done to our own natures when we fail to reverence things held sacred, we do a grievous wrong to others. It is evil enough to lower our own standard of right, but when we cloud the sense of purity, of sacredness, in others it is doubly wrong. If we fail in ourselves to keep some ideal holy, for our aspirations, let us not drag the ideal of others in the dust under our feet.—Milwaukee Journal.

London's Oldest Art Club.

"The Langham" is the colloquial abbreviation of the Artists' Society and Langham Sketching club. It is the oldest working art society in London and as a club is unique. Apart from its history, dating back to the early part of the last century, and the influence exercised by its members in the art world of yesterday and today, it is the one institution in the metropolis which affords the best glimpse of all that is fittest to survive of our old time artistic Bohemia.

The Artists' society was founded toward the end of 1830, although the earliest list of signatures to the rules of the society is dated 1831. Its meetings were held at that time with J. Prescott Knight, R. A., as the ruling spirit, in Gray's Inn Mews, but in June, 1835, the society moved to 29 Clipstone street, Portland place, and at this habitat in 1838 was inaugurated the Langham Sketching club.—Arthur Lawrence in Harper's.

Picking Up Pins.

The most sensible and practical people in the world will often take particular pains to skim off a patch of bubbles that has risen to the top of their tea because some one in jest has said it is a "sure sign of money."

It always requires a distinct effort for me to pass a pin that I see lying on the sidewalk, because of that absurdly bad rhyme, which of course I consider nonsense:

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.

Sometimes these omens do not go well together and even contradict each other. For instance, one will tell you that the only lucky way to find a pin is with the head toward you, and just as you have the habit of going around looking for pins with their heads toward you another man will say: "It is very unlucky to pick up a pin with the head toward you. The only right way is to have the point toward you, for then the luck will be 'sharp.'"

Like Father, Like Son.

A Washington man has a bright youngster who succeeded recently in getting even with his father in a very telling though unconscious manner. His father was reproving the little fellow's table manners.

"Don't do that," said he, "or we'll have to call you a little pig."

The warning seemed to be lost, for the fault was repeated.

"Do you know what a pig is?" was the inquiry, put in a solemn manner.

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"A pig is a hog's little boy."

The lesson in etiquette was suspended.

Where Rosewood Gets Its Name.

Many people suppose that rosewood takes its name from its color, but this is a mistake. Rosewood is not red nor yellow, but almost black. Its name comes from the fact that when first cut it exhales a perfume similar to that of the rose, and although the dried rosewood of commerce retains no trace of this early perfume the name lingers as a relic of the early history of the wood.

— Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief.

— No man tells all he knows; every woman tells more than she knows.

SHAPE OF THE HAIR.

Its Contour Decides Whether It Will Be Curly or Straight.

Normally straight hair cannot be made to curl naturally or permanently owing to its contour, which is cylindrical.

The contour of the hair is either cylindrical, oval or flattened. Whether a hair is to be curly or straight is largely dependent upon its contour. The more oval or flattened it is the more it will be curled.

Cylindrical or straight hair is even in its construction from root to point. In other words, the fibers of the middle layer are disposed regularly and evenly around the central pith, and hence a perfect cylinder is the result.

As this fibrous portion is the seat of elasticity and strength it follows that the tension must be equal on all sides of the hair shaft; consequently there can be no twisting of the hair upon its central axis; therefore it must hang or grow straight without wave or curl.

Naturally curled hair is oval in contour, the fibrous portion being unevenly distributed—that is, not in the center of the hair shaft, but on one side; hence a coiling or curling ensues.

Hair being hydroscopic, it is from this fact liable to have its curling properties influenced by the state of the atmosphere. Therefore naturally curled hair becomes more curled when the hair is surcharged with moisture. But artificially curled hair invariably becomes straightened and lank at the first approach of dampness, for the reason that the fiber cells of the hair shaft, which have been stretched and then baked into an abnormal position by the use of the hot curling iron, becoming moistened, lose their crispness and finally assume their normal condition, and the "curls" no longer exist.

A Witty Courtier.

One of the difficulties of royalties—one of the things that account for the tendency to selfishness which has been considered one of the weaknesses of the royal caste—is that they so seldom hear the truth. One could give many examples of this in even the lighter affairs of life. For instance, when Louis XIV. was once playing at backgammon, a favorite game with him, a dispute arose as to a doubtful throw of the monarch. The courtiers, appealed to by the king, said nothing, not daring to give a verdict against the king, not caring to tell too palpable a lie. The Comte de Grammont entered at this awkward moment, and the king asked him to decide the matter. The witty courtier replied without a moment's hesitation, "Your majesty is in the wrong." "How," said Louis, "can you decide before you know the question?" "Because," replied the count, "had there been any doubt all these gentlemen would have given it in favor of your majesty."

Cabbage Field Hero.

An old English soldier tells how he missed the Victoria cross: "I was once sent out to India with a regiment to be pushed forward to the front, as a fierce war was going on. But one night we were suddenly attacked, and I got separated from my comrades and wandered about in the thick scrub for nearly three hours until I suddenly came into the open. I then laid myself flat on the ground to listen, as it was very dark. But I suddenly fancied I could see the enemy in front of me kneeling. I sprang to my feet, determined to cut some of them down before I was overpowered and shot, and, dashing forward, I slashed right and left until daylight broke over me, when I found that I had beheaded 500 red cabbages!"

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sir Joshua Reynolds once forgot the existence of one of his pictures. Edmund Burke obtained a very early work and called on the great artist, submitting the work as that of a young student who sought advice from the master. Reynolds had a long look and then asked, "Is the painter a friend of yours?" Burke replied in the affirmative. "Well," replied the great man, "I really don't feel able to give an opinion. It's a cleverish thing, but whether it is of sufficient promise to justify the young man in adopting art as a profession I cannot say." Sir Joshua had entirely forgotten his own work.—Chambers' Journal.

A Clincher.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes, dear," he said.

She felt that the time had come to play her trump card. "I have also," she said, "my father's lovely checkbook."

Within thirty minutes the engagement was announced.

— It costs Uncle Sam $1,250,000 annually to run the weather bureau.

— Cheap men are dear swindlers in business.

— A way to get out of one love affair is to get into two.

— Women are so jealous that they envy a woman's being sick, because it makes so many of her friends call to see how she is.

— True Christianity consists of deeds rather than words.

"NEW WOMAN" AND ANCIENT.

Mannish Garb For Female Wear Not an Innovation.

One of the pet reproaches made against the new woman is that in her unseemly longing to stand upon the same footing as her aforetime lord and master she invented the fashion of wearing garments of a mannish cut.

This is most unjust, and she may readily be proved guiltless of the charge by a trifling investigation of the fashions of ancient times and of conservative countries, where the poor things are as unemancipated as possible and still wear the same style of garments as their foremothers of a thousand years ago.

The Chinese lady, as every traveler testifies, is one of the most modest, retiring and conventional of creatures, yet she wears clothes almost exactly like those of her husband and brothers. Indeed in China trousers are considered much more proper as feminine garments than skirts.

The Turkish woman's dress is identical with that of the husband who keeps her so carefully shut away from all newfangled notions, and the Eskimo woman clothes her little fat legs in tight sealskin breeches, finished off with smart fur topped boots.

The happy woman of Siam, who has never been obliged to go in for woman's rights, having always been as free as air and the equal of any man of her acquaintance, wears, like every man in the kingdom, a square of cotton or silk curiously adjusted about the legs and fastened by tucking two of the ends through at the waist in what travelers describe as a perilously insecure manner.

Looking back at the good old times to which those who disapprove of the new woman are so fond of referring, very early in the world's history can be found instances of women adopting mannish clothes when they were suitable and convenient.

The Greeks, with their hunting goddess, their amazons and their swift atalantas in the athletic games, have shown us how beautiful woman can be in the short tunic worn by the youths. But no doubt even then old folks mentioned a prehistoric time when girls were not so bold.—Chicago Chronicle.

Happy Peter!

A clergyman was sitting in his study one evening hard at work on the following Sunday's sermon when a visitor was announced. She was a hard, muscular looking woman, and when the minister set a chair for her she said somewhat brusquely:

"You are Mr. J., ain't you?"

"I am," replied the clergyman.

"Well, maybe you'll remember o' marryin' a couple o' strangers at your church a month ago?"

The clergyman referred to his diary for a moment and then said:

"What were the names?"

"Peter Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, adding, "and I'm Eliza."

"Are you, indeed?" said the minister. "I thought I remem"—

"Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, and I thought I'd drop in and tell you that Peter's escaped!"—London Answers.

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaws there are tiny glands containing poison, but as the mouth is very small it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. M. Kermogant, a European traveler, recently witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pinchers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.

Promises Made In Time of Danger.

A story is told of a Frenchman on shipboard in a storm who bellowed out promises of a wax image of St. Christopher as large as that gentleman's statue at Paris on condition that he should be preserved from death. A fellow passenger nudged him and suggested that he could not pay for such an image even if he sold all his possessions. But the other replied in a whisper: "Be still, you fool! Do you fancy I am speaking in earnest? If I once touch the shore, I shall not give him a tallow candle."

Equally absurd is the account given of a certain man who, greatly terrified by rough weather on the ocean, vowed he would eat no more ham. Just as the danger was over he qualified his promise by adding, "Without mustard, O Lord!"

— Women will never lose there feminine attributes as long as there is a large supply of looking glasses in the world.

— There may be a lot of comfort in in a good character, but one's credit is a good reputation.

— Women like to drink champagne because there are bubbles in it and it cost more.

— The better a man gets along in the world the better off he is.

— Lots of men talk like philosophers and act like fools.

Notice to Teachers.

THE regular Examination for Teachers will be held on Friday, February 20th, 1903. The examination will begin promptly at 9 a. m. All applicants are urged to be present at the above mentioned hour. The work requires considerable time, and should be carefully done. You can not rush through and perform the work in a creditable manner. Those who arrive late are frequently unable to finish the work, and consequently fail to secure a Certificate, or receive one of low grade. Therefore, let me urge each applicant to be on time, and to hand the Examining Board the best papers possible.

Respectfully,
R. E. NICHOLSON, Co. Supt. Ed.

FOR SALE.

NICE Dwelling House and seven-acre Lot in the Town of Pendleton.

Also, Fine Plantation, containing 280 acres, on West side of Seneca River.

Will sell on very favorable terms.

Apply to—
QUATTLEBAUM & COCHRAN,
Attorneys at Law, Anderson, S. C.
Dec 24, 1902 27 4

Notice to the Public.

WITH a life time experience and a lot of good seasoned timber, I am better prepared than ever to repair your Carriage, Buggies and Wagons at a reasonable price and solicit a share of your patronage. You will find me on the corner below the Jail, near W. M. Wallace's shop.

Respectfully,
R. T. GORDON.
Jan 7, 1903 28 1y

Notice of Dissolution.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing among the undersigned, under the name and style of F. B. Crayton & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent, Dr. Waller H. Nardin, Jr., and C. B. Hall having sold out their entire interests and good will in the business to F. B. Crayton, who will assume all liabilities; and all parties indebted to said Firm will make payment by February 1st, 1903.

F. B. CRAYTON,
C. B. HALL,
W. H. NARDIN, Jr.
Jan. 15, 1903.

Having bought out the interests of Dr. Waller H. Nardin, Jr., and C. B. Hall in the late Firm of F. B. Crayton & Co., I will continue the Drug Business at the same stand with a full line of goods as heretofore. F. B. CRAYTON.
Jan 21, 1903 31 3

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of Estate of Mrs. Mattie P. McClure, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will on Friday, 14th day February, 1903, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

J. F. McCLURE, Adm'r.
Jan 14, 1903 30 5*

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

W. H. McKee, Plaintiff, against Mrs. Mary C. Hood, nee McKee, Mrs Margarett Amberson or Mrs. Margaret Emerson, nee McKee; Thomas Nolan, Edward Nolan and Fannie Nolan, children of Mrs. Jane Nolan, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Martha Metcalf, nee McKee; J. W. McKee, Mrs. Lou L. Dempsey, J. M. McKee, and Walter McKee, and Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, deceased, Defendants—Summons for Relief. (Complaint Served.)

To the Defendants above named:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, at the Peoples Bank Building, at Anderson C. H., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated at Anderson, S. C., Dec. 31, A. D. 1902.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

[SEAL] FRANK WATKINS, DEPUTY C. C. C. P.

To the absent Defendants, Mrs Mary C. Hood, nee McKee, Mrs. Margaret Amberson or Mrs. Margaret Emerson, nee McKee; Thomas Nolan, Edward Nolan and Fannie Nolan, children of Mrs. Jane Nolan, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Martha Metcalf, nee McKee; J. W. McKee, Mrs. Lou L. Dempsey, J. M. McKee, and Walter McKee and Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, deceased:

Please take notice that the complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Anderson County, South Carolina, at Anderson, S. C., December 31st, 1902, and that the object of the said action is to procure a partition and sale of a Tract of Land in said County containing (50¾) fifty and one-half acres, more or less, formerly belonging to David L. McKee.

Dated Anderson, S. C., December 31st, A. D 1902.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys,

[SEAL] FRANK WATKINS, DEPUTY C. C. C. P.

To the minor Defendants, Claude McKee and Walter McKee:

Take notice that unless you apply to the Court within twenty days after service hereof upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, for the appointment of a guardian ad litem or guardians ad litem to represent your interests in the above stated case, the plaintiff will then by his attorneys make such application for you.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys.
Dec. 31st, 1902 30 6

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of A. J. Stringer, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Monday, February 23rd, 1903, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

W. K. STRINGER, Adm'r.
Jan 21, 1903 31 5

Mill Site Wanted.

Owners of land outside of city limits along either line of railroad are invited to submit written offers for not less than 100 acres and to specify concisely the location, as to proximity to railroad, distance from city, supply of water, etc., stating the lowest price the property can be bought for cash. We prefer a larger tract if suitably situated, and it is immaterial if the land belongs to several parties just so it lies adjacent, in good shape and is included in one bid.

R. S. HILL,
President Gluck Mills.
Jan 14, 1903 30

Notice to Administrators, Executors, Guardians, And Trustees.

ALL Administrators, Executors, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified to make their annual Returns to this office during the months of January and February, as required by law.

R. Y. H. NANCE,
Judge of Probate.
Jan 14, 1903 30 5